



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

works of more or less importance. A second sale derived its distinctive character from the numerous Ettys which it included, sent to the hammer by Mr. Wethered, one of the principal purchasers, if not the principal, who enriched the resolute simple-minded painter in his closing years. The "Joan of Arc finding the Sword," the frescoes painted for a summer-house in Buckingham Palace, and cut out of the wall by royal courtesy and reverence for Art and artists (not, however, without some *prima facie* excuses, as the works prove that Etty had not, at the time, mastered the technicalities of fresco painting); the "Greenwood Shade," "Young Scribe," "Zephyr and Aurora," &c., were among the works which re-attested, at this sale, their artist's splendid powers of color, capacity for grand feeling or simple beauty, and self-immolation to the unintelligent humbug of pseudo antiquism. With whatever shortcomings, Etty holds an unquestionable position among the men of whom England must be proud.

You will have seen in the *Athenæum* the announcement that "the Council of the Royal Academy has at length taken up the question of pictorial copyright." I have no new fact to add to what is there said, and the question, after what is already known on the subject, is one whose importance speaks for itself.

The sculptor Thomas Woolner has returned from the Isle of Wight with his bust of Tennyson done in plaster. That grandest of heads seated on the shoulders of great men of our generation is no easy one to express; and the difficulty is, for the present, enhanced by the undisciplined moustache and beard which hide the noble mouth and the kingly lower jaw. This overgrowth Mr. Woolner has treated as the accidental thing it is, and omitted it altogether. I have not yet seen his work, but have confidence in it *a priori*. Shortly he is to be engaged on one of the life-sized figures commissioned for enriching the Oxford University Museum, now in course of construction. His choice will probably lie between Bacon and James Watt, and I anticipate that he will settle on the former. Galileo has just been modelled by Mr. Munro for the same building.

The question of opening on Sunday such places of cultivated recreation as the British Museum and the National Gallery, pending for discussion in Parliament when I wrote you last, has been brought forward since then, and smashed by an overwhelming majority—a majority such as I had certainly not looked for, although the nature of the decision was beyond a doubt; unless some radical change occur, the question must be considered shelved for a good while to come, save in so far as some persons may think it preferable to keep it before the public for exposition and negating, rather than to let it rest. Meanwhile, the Directors of the Crystal Palace, foiled of all prospect of a Sunday opening, have gone as near that consummation as they can without violating the letter of the law—having determined to keep their premises open on Good Friday, the day surely, of all others, on which many, even who advocate a Sunday opening, would prefer, as a matter of religious feeling, if

not of obligatory observance, to see a place of amusement closed.

Electrography, or a new art of engraving in relief in metal, discovered by Joseph Devinceuzi, has recently been promulgated in a memoir, presented by the author to the Academy of Sciences of the Imperial Institute of France. The metal to be used is zinc, the number of possible impressions incalculable, and the discoverer's programme contemplates the superseding of wood-engraving, and, in great measure, of lithography and copper-plate engraving. The committee, which has been appointed to consider the process, reports favorably. I do not give the details; for the matter, not being of English origin, does not belong to me, except by a kind of reflex action, in virtue of the influence which it must, if successful, exercise here as elsewhere. A minor novelty—and this has been practised in London—is the use of artificial ivory in photography. The effect unites a certain darkness and suffusion with finish.

A project is on foot for getting up, at Manchester, an Art-exhibition, which is to combine, as I understand it, some representation of the English school in general, past and present, with portraits of the selected artists themselves. The notion is good enough to deserve being wisely and thoroughly carried out. Possibly, too, such a gathering of portraits might not be without some collateral bearing on the larger question of a national portrait gallery, by stimulating interest, and prompting coöperation of some kind, if not contribution.

I conclude with two items of city news. Our men of business, when they have to decorate the palace of their business-chief, or Lord Mayor, bethink themselves of being poetical, and will have nothing but subjects from the national poets. I have mentioned statues previously commissioned; and now these are to be companioned by a Milton's Spirit of the Woods, from Mr. Baily, a Britomart from Mr. Wyon, a Gray's Bard from Mr. Weed, a Shakespeare's Hermoine from Mr. Durham, and a Byron's Sardanapalus from Mr. Weeks. But, when the men of business unearth something, which comes to us venerable from the past, as the early English crypt under the City Guildhall, they "turn it to some account" (so the *Athenæum* phrases it), by proposing to fit it up as a kitchen, and call for estimates for constructing "extra cooking-apparatus" therein!

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

TENNYSON.

"TENNYSON—all thy thought, broad-winged and strong,

Circling well-poised in highest heaven of mind,
Sinks in its last ascension;—left behind
By the great expectation of thy song:—
A waiting—for some tube of larger breath
Throbs audibly, as silence-rounding thunder
More awful than the crash in pauses, under
Swift harmonies dissolving life and death.
So shall thy faith redress our nature's wrong,
Joy beyond thought prevailing to sustain,
And silence of the primal night constrain,
And music's power in music's close prolong,
Heaven's praise unworthy, heaven's hush supplied,
When hallelujahs into wonder died.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1856.

The PUBLICATION OFFICE OF THE CRAYON is at the book-store of Mr. F. W. CHRISTEN, No. 763 Broadway. EDITOR'S OFFICE—No. 709½ Broadway.

Wholesale Agents, for the lower part of the city, Messrs. DEXTER & BROTHER, No. 14 Ann Street, of whom the Numbers of THE CRAYON can at all times be procured.—See page three of the Cover.

ERRATA.—In Chapter V. of "The Nature and use of Beauty," the word "institutions" in the 81st line of the second column, p. 97, should have been *intuitions*, and "altogether" p. 93, third column, 23d line, should have been *all together*. It is exceedingly vexatious to have such errors, but also very difficult to avoid them, as all proof-readers must know.

Our Subscribers out of the City of New York, who are in arrears, will greatly favor us by an early settlement. Lovers of Art and students of its literature, are some among the indicative terms for earnest and reliable—if not always prompt—people. They are, however, a scattered community, and to send a collector to all of them in the United States, would be an expense to us greater than the aggregate sum of our country subscription-list. As we have no unwilling subscribers, will our friends, therefore, please remit the amount due us, and save us this unnecessary trouble and expense.

We have to request the indulgence of our City Subscribers for a lack of promptness in the delivery of last month's Number of THE CRAYON. The delay was owing to an affliction in the family of our carrier; a circumstance we were not aware of in time to procure an assistant to relieve him in the performance of his duties.

Sketchings.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The Exhibition this year is, at the time we write, remarkably well attended. The extra-attendance, however, is not to be taken as evidence of positive interest in works of Art by the "people," as it is owing to the reason that the Academy has had no rival to contend with—no other Art attraction to withdraw the attention of the public and share its patronage. The Academy is a Spring novelty—when there is no other to overshadow it—and unusual attendance is the result of that advantage. Independent, however, of Art being a subject of interest to the novelty-loving portion of our community, there is here a good, sound picture-loving audience, better estimated by its money value than by any statement of the numbers composing it. We consider it worth twenty-five hundred dollars per annum. We believe an exhibition of original pictures by American artists, will, under any adverse circumstances, always realize that sum. It may be safely considered an item of capital, and it enters into the considerations we have now to offer, relative to the present usefulness and future prospects of this institution.

The National Academy of Design was started over thirty years ago, at a time when artists were but a very small body in this city, and when Art resources were almost entirely wanting. The old American Academy possessed all there were at the time; but, the institution being injudiciously managed, artists could derive no benefit from it.* This institution was controlled by men

* So little did the majority of those who legislated

who had good intentions, but they were not *artists, or the associates of artists*; and the institution fell, as all institutions of Art not supported by Government, *must fall, if the artist is not the controlling mind.* The artists of that day knew best their own necessities, and having the interests of their profession most at heart, they organized the National Academy of Design.

It is pertinent in this place to notice a wise aphorism propounded by a morning paper, that "Art has flourished the most vigorously where artists have not been the managers, but the managed." We all know how the Pope attempted to "manage" Michael Angelo, and with what success; and we know, too, that the Royal Academy of London, "managed" entirely by artists, is enormously wealthy. But without going back to those times, nor into other countries, where the profession of an artist is infinitely more esteemed than in this enlightened land, the very existence of the National Academy proves that the statement is not true. The fact mentioned above in regard to the old American Academy, is proof sufficient, and the present age of the National Academy, without going into detail, is conclusive. It is the oldest Art-institution in the country; it superseded an inert institution; and it has survived another Art-institution, both of which were controlled by the artist's "managers." We do not think it necessary to go behind these living facts. We assert that artists do best know their own interests, and how to direct them. So far as "a knowledge of affairs" by artists is concerned—another condition claimed by this writer—we admit the necessity of business ability, as much as we insist on the importance of knowledge of Art and artists on the part of those who write about them. Business tact and capital are essential to every institution, and the National Academy has derived great benefit from that very element. To resume: the National Academy was modelled upon the royal and aristocratic academy of London; grades of artists were established in imitation of the Royal Academy, such as academicians, associates, amateurs, etc.; mintage stamps of merit, that do well enough upon any piece of metal when coin is scarce, and no doubt considered stimulants to ambition, but of very doubtful propriety. The academy organized schools, procured casts, collected a library, and maintained an exhibition; it also answered as a place for the sale of pictures. Lectures were delivered, artists attended the schools regularly, and pupils were numerous; because the academy offered the facilities required. The interest and labor of artists being heartily concentrated upon the institution

for this institution know what belongs to the character of an artist, that they passed a law respecting exhibitions, in the following words:—"All artists of distinguished merit, as painters, sculptors, and designers, shall be permitted to exhibit their works. Amateurs in these arts shall be invited to expose in the gallery of the Academy, any of their performances, which may be thought worthy of the exhibition." Giving a bare permission to artists—and those only of a distinguished merit—to those whose labors alone could support the institution, and inviting amateurs as being of a superior order, who had never degraded themselves by gaining that knowledge, which belongs to artists of distinguished merit.—*Dunlap.*

it prospered, and the National Academy of Design has been "managed" into thirty-one years of vitality; and furthermore, it has been a very useful institution, and a very creditable one to the country.

But 1856 presents a state of things very different from the year 1823. Artists require facilities of another description now. They can procure casts and draw in their own studios; books may be looked at in accessible and more extensive libraries than the Academy's; pictures may be seen and sold in countless places; models can be procured for a trifling sum; lectures can be listened to elsewhere, and above all, the artist enjoys an independent position, now, which derives no added lustre or influence from an institution. People care as little for an academy N. A., as they do for a college A. M. With these wants more conveniently at hand, and with an independent position, of what use to the artist is the National Academy of Design? Of very great use.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the poorly attended school, the absence of a life-school—the absence of lectures, a stationary, ill-furnished library and no roof to cover the remnants of its activity, to point out its dead members. What of all this, so long as there is blood in its veins to resuscitate and nourish it again into healthy life! The Exhibition is a supporting element; the Academy has property, the artists have wants an institution can provide for, and they positively need the influence, power and respect, which organization alone can secure to them. The Academy offers an excellent foundation for reform. It can begin a new life with a handsome capital; it can support its exhibition in any place without fear of loss; it can offer facilities for drawing from casts without machinery and expense of schools, and it can add those new features to its plan, which the present time especially calls for. First of all, however, the Academy must abolish the "old times" part of it, which stands in the way, and that is the system of grades and close corporation management. Throw open the institution to the entire body of artists, all men who live by the profession, and get rid of distinctions which do no good, and which are oftentimes ludicrous. By so doing, no invidious comparisons are made between those who deserve them, or not, as the case may be, and the workers for the cause of art, "the men of affairs" will be able to have their influence properly acknowledged. This done, the entire body of artists will exert themselves in harmony, and a healthy *esprit du corps* must naturally follow. In addition to this, we can do no more than indicate at present, the various new features proposed as amendments to its plan, to make the institution the representative of Art in this city. Two seem to be generally called for, a permanent exhibition and a free one, or as nearly so as possible. To have this, it has been suggested to concentrate the N. A. of Design and N. Y. Gallery of Fine Arts into one institution; the pictures belonging to the latter to be always on view, free to the public, together with the large and valuable collection of

casts belonging to the Academy. Joined to this, have a room wherein pictures may be placed in the interim of the annual exhibition either for sale, or for temporary exhibition: the annual exhibition to be given as usual, at as low a rate of entrance fee, as is compatible with the expenses of it, and not with any regard to making money. An art institution should not waste thought and energy upon "making money," and when once established in a building rent free, it will not need to. The further features of lectures to depend upon circumstances of the time being. The next important feature is an "exchange" room—never to be devoted to other purposes—in which artists can meet and associate at all hours. In this room, the library and such decorations and conveniences as may be suitable, shall be placed. Artists, like other classes of men, must mingle together and talk, it will benefit them individually, and the public too; for talk results in action, and powerful action comes from a union of combined forces. These new features are essential and practicable. We cannot begin to enumerate the advantages of that concentrated professional action, which gives dignity and character to a profession, and which must be excited to enable this institution to influence the development of Art. But especially do we yearn to see an art-institution so successful, as to be protected from the shafts of newspaper ignorance; the Press is disgraced and the country is disgraced by them. The National Academy is an institution, as serviceable to the country as an Historical Society is, and equally deserving of honorable mention wherever it forms the subject of a thought. It has been creditably managed and it has been conducted with more self-sacrifice and devotion of valuable time, than any other institution in the country.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

The sale of Mr. Cropsey's works realized about \$8,000; a fair outfit for an European voyage. Seeing the prices his pictures brought at auction, we are sure there is little ground for the assertion, that artists are poorly paid in America. We believe that in no other country will the same class of pictures bring so high prices as here, especially if they are painted by American artists. We are satisfied from the experience of past sales that the pictures of most of our leading artists would bring better prices under the hammer than they do from the artists' studios. Another point illuminated by this sale is the market value of sketches from Nature, and generally the preference for small works. We have always insisted that the reason our painters seemed to be neglected was, because they did not direct their labors towards public taste, preferring generally to display themselves on huge canvasses and labored compositions, which very few have a love for, or house-room enough to spare to accommodate them, rather than works which would concentrate all the thought in small space, and with comparatively little manual labor. Men love concentrated things, and it is a pity that artists

should not avail themselves of this feeling to their own advantage and that of the Art-loving public. We believe that small careful studies from nature will "pay" better than any description of Art-production in vogue, and if artists prefer to make few of them, and dilute them on huge canvasses, they need not wonder if they lose their time.

A FRIEND tells us an amusing instance of the effect of the lucidities of newspaper criticism. A lady, who had read an article in one of the dailies on the Academy Exhibition, and finding large and honorable mention therein of a picture by Raphael, in which a dandelion had been most Pre-Raphaelitically treated, posted off instantly to the exhibition, to get a sight of the rare and wonderful picture, wondering, doubtless, how it could be that she could have passed by a picture of Raphael's. She looked for it on the walls, and she looked for it in the catalogue, without success, and, at length, in despair, applied to a gentleman in the gallery for information, when she discovered that it was one of a gallery kept by one Memory, a very private collection, the key of which was in the critic's eye. We did not ascertain whether she was vexed with him or herself most.

GOUFFÉ & Co. have received a proof of an exquisite engraving from a new picture of Delaroche, an Entombment, a work of rare beauty and impressiveness. The composition is treated with exceeding simplicity, and the body of the Christ is a noble piece of anatomical drawing.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in favor of Doughty, the landscape painter, who is said to be in absolute want. Why not get up an exhibition of his works? Doughty is one of the pioneers of our landscape Art; and has painted many noble pictures in his better days, and we are sure that a collection of them would be very interesting. Many would testify their interest in this way who do not care to subscribe a small amount, and cannot afford a large subscription. If any will contribute to the fund, they may remit to W. C. Bryant, Esq., office of the *Evening Post*, or we will gladly take charge of any sums which may be consigned to our care.

THE Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy, at Philadelphia, will open on the 28th of April, with nearly six hundred works of art; one of the largest and finest collections ever made in the country. New York artists contribute about twenty-five pictures.

A friend writes from Paris:—

"As to what the artists are doing here, I am not generally posted up. I can tell you, however, of a few.

"May has painted some capital pictures—Italian costume pictures—a girl at a fountain, a Tricoteuse, or young peasant girl knitting, in a field of grain and poppies, rich in color and full of fine daylight effect, and a Campagna Shepherd-boy tending sheep; also some excel-

lent portraits, among which, is one of Mrs. Mason, the wife of our respected ambassador.

"Babcock and Rossiter have some excellent things *en train*, but I have not been lately to their studios

"Gifford has painted up several of his English studies, among which, a very effective view of Kenilworth Castle, and two or three Lake views are particularly interesting.

"Greenough is hard at work, and has nearly completed his statue of Gov. Winthrop. He has also a nearly completed bust in marble, and a statuette in plaster of a Roman beggar girl.

"Cranch has been pretty busy all winter, executing commissions of small pictures—some of them American, some Italian views, some compositions. He has also nearly finished (for sale) two larger views. One of the Horse-shoe Fall of Niagara, the other a view on the Hudson of the Catskills. He hopes to go to Switzerland or the Pyrenees this summer to study."

There is to be an exhibition of paintings and other works of art at the Brooklyn Athenaeum, to open on the 19th of the present month. See advertisement on the cover.

STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

BY ARD TAYLOR'S POEMS."

THE present volume contains all that the author is willing to acknowledge of two earlier books, ("Rhymes of Travel," 1849, and the "Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Song," 1851.) He has subjected what he has retained to a careful revision.

Mr. Taylor's course is well known, and to rehearse it, is only to show how an enviable reputation can be manfully won. He also gives us an earnest of a brilliant future.

As a poet he thoroughly understands poetical what he essays; is an ardent sympathizer with nature, and recognizes her humanity. Books of literary anecdotes give us accounts of the favorite trees of authors, and perhaps it is not wholly a delusion, that we can judge something of those author's natures by these express favoritisms, as the qualities that distinguish the oak among other trees, may not unlikely be the counterparts of like qualities in the man, who prefers it. Every one who reads this volume must remark how great a favorite the Pine is with the author. Indeed, we have only to turn to his *El Dorado*, for a frank expression of it, "I stopped under a palm-tree, and let my horse crop a little grass. In loftiness, grace, and exquisite symmetry, the palm is a perfect type of the rare and sensuous expression of Beauty in the South. The first sight of the tree had nearly charmed me into disloyalty to my native Pine; but when the wind blew, and I heard the sharp, metallic rustle of its leaves, I retained the old allegiance. The truest interpreter of Beauty is in the voice, and no tree has a voice like the Pine, modulated to the rhythmic accord with the subtlest flow of Fancy, touched with a human sympathy for the expression of Hope, and Love and Sorrow, and sounding in an awful

* *Poems of Home and Travel.* By ARD TAYLOR. Boston. Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

undertone to the darkest excess of Passion." He has shown all this in the opening poem of this volume—*The Metempsychosis of the Pine*, which we are inclined to pronounce his best, and one of the grandest in conception, and happiest in diction among poems of its length of our American poets. It is conceived in the perfect fulness of poetic feeling, delving into the mystical nature of the tree, as if it were a thing of human volition.

"And thus I know, by memories unfurled,
In rarer woods and many a nameless sign,
That once in time and somewhere in the world,
I was a towering Pine,

* * * * *

"Thence am I made a poet: thence are sprung
Those notions of the soul that sometimes reach
Beyond all grasp of art—for which the tongue
Is ignorant of speech.

"And if some wild full-gathered harmony
Roll its unbroken music through my line,
There lives and murmurs, faintly though it be,
The Spirit of the Pine!"

Mr. Taylor's style is frequently rather pregnant than polished, and he has a strong imagination that will crowd into a single word what Fancy would more gracefully weave along a line; hence his poems are generally adorned with such dainty little gems as delicate similes, which give such a sparkle to the verses of many a lesser poet. When we know of his acquaintance with Freiligrath, and how he has rendered so happily into English some of that bard's poems, we are not surprised to find something of the German poet's vein in *The Bison Track*, and elsewhere. We think we notice also traces of other German poets; nothing, however, amounting to an imitation. We are apt to place too much confidence in such things, we know; but we think any one conversant with the best style of Heine's poems, will find the same spirit, and even character of expression pervading them, that is noticeable in the following verses, which present certainly an exquisite picture.

AT HOME.

THE rain is robbing on the wold;
The house is dark, the hearth is cold;
And stretching drear and ashy gray
Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

The winds are moaning, as they pass
Through tangled knots of autumn grass—
A weary, dreary sound of woe,
As if all joy were dead below.

I sit alone, I wait in vain
Some voice to hush this nameless pain;
But from my neighbor's cottage near
Come sounds of happy household cheer.

My neighbor at his window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands;
The others seek his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I look upon the rainy wild;
I have no wife, I have no child:
There is no fire upon my hearth,
And none to love me on the earth.

The Boston publishers may congratulate themselves that, one by one, the best poets of the land seem to be putting their trust in them.